

Sir A. R. No, I will not leave you with the Brigands. What Frog would desert a Fairy?

G. Fairy (stamping). Go quickly, I command you. I am a Fairy and can take care of myself. You are kind and brave, Sir Antony, but go. [*Exit Sir ANTONY ROWLEY and MARY.*]

FAIRY stands in centre wrapped in MARY'S cloak, in exactly the same attitude just taken by MARY. Brigand steals in.

G. Fairy. Now for the spell. I will shut my eyes and take three steps forward.

Brigand creeps nearer. FAIRY stoops with outstretched arms.

Brigand seizes her wrists. FAIRY throws off her cloak and he falls back. She waves her wand; he crouches to the ground.

Ah, wicked Brigand, now I have met you face to face, and thwarted you in your cruel plans. You thought you were capturing Mistress Mary, but the enemy of all your band was standing here. Now go, from henceforward you shall be a common earth worm. Go!

[*Exit Brigand hurriedly.*]

Re-enter Sir ANTONY ROWLEY and MARY. Good FAIRY takes a hand of each.

And now, my children, your quarrel is made up. Mary, let this be a life-long lesson to you to have a steady purpose of will, to know your own heart and mind, and not change.

Sir Antony, from henceforward you will find this heart you so love, kinder, gentler, and more considerate. Bless you both, and may you live happily ever afterwards.

Waves wand over them.

CURTAIN.

W. A.

CONDORCET'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER (1794).

[CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. WINKWORTH.]

My child, if my care and my caresses have sometimes consoled you in your childhood, if you have treasured their memory, may you receive this advice, dictated by my affection, with loving confidence, and may it contribute to your happiness.

I. Whatever may be the situation in which you are placed when you read these lines, which I write far from you, indifferent to my own fate but concerned for your's and your mother's, bear in mind that nothing can guarantee its continuance.

Make it your habit to work, not only that you may be independent of the services of others, but that work may provide for your wants, so that, though you may be reduced to poverty, you will never be a dependent.

Even if you should never need this resource, work will at least serve to keep you from fear, to sustain your courage, and to help you to face with firmer eye any reverses of fortune that may threaten you. You will feel that you are absolutely independent of wealth, and you will value it less; you will be more sheltered from the woes one risks either in acquiring riches, or through fear of losing them.

Choose some kind of work in which, not the hand only is employed, but the mind is also busied without too much fatigue: work which compensates for what it costs by the pleasure it affords, for without that pleasure, the disgust you would feel if work were ever needed for your support, would make it almost as unbearable as dependence. If it only freed you from that, to deliver you over to ennui, perhaps you would not have courage to adopt a resource which only offered you unhappiness as the price of independence.

II. For people whose necessary work does not fill every moment, and whose mental powers are fairly active, the need for the stimulus of new ideas or feelings becomes one of the most imperative of all. If you cannot live alone, if you need other people to help you escape from boredom, you will necessarily find yourself in subjection to their tastes and their wishes, even to mere chance, which may deprive you of these expedients for filling your vacant time, since you do not contain them within yourself. They are easily exhausted like your childhood's toys, which lost their power to amuse you after a few days. Soon by dint of varying them, and by the mere habit of seeing them follow each other, we cease to find any pastimes which have the charm of novelty, and even novelty itself ceases to be a pleasure. Thus, there is nothing more necessary to your happiness than to secure resources within yourself, to fill your vacant hours, to banish ennui, to calm distress, to distract your mind from painful thoughts and feelings. These resources can only be found in the practice of the arts and in intellectual work. Take care to acquire the habit of such work early in life. If you have not carried your work in the arts to a certain degree of perfection, if your mind has not been formed, widened, strengthened by systematic study, you will count on these resources in vain; weariness and disgust at your own mediocrity will soon prevail over pleasure. Therefore, spend part of your youth in securing this precious treasure for your whole life. Your mother's love and her more mature reason will make its acquisition easier for you. Have courage enough to overcome the difficulties, the temporary irritations, the trivial dislikes which she will not be able to spare you:

Bliss is a treasure Nature sells to men,
Here, on this earth, no harvest toilless grows.

Do not believe that talent and facility—those gifts of nature which depend perhaps more on constitution than on education or effort of will—are necessary to attain this source of happiness. If these gifts have not been granted you, seek in less brilliant occupations some utility which will elevate them in your eyes and charm away their want of interest. If your hand can reproduce on canvas neither beauty nor passion, you can at least paint insects or flowers with the scrupulous accuracy of a naturalist.

Whatever may be the object to which your taste has led you, if you have been mistaken in your talent for that pursuit, you will find some similar object of study.

But whether Nature neglected or favoured you in the matter of talents, never forget that your aim should be that delight in work for its own sake which is renewed every day, which gives independence, saves from ennui, and wards off the vague discontent with life, the aimless mind which become the miseries of a life in other respects peaceful and fortunate. I will not tell you keep self-esteem, with its pleasures and vexations, entirely out of your work, but do not let it predominate, let not the enjoyment of self-esteem be in your eyes the prize of your efforts, nor let its pains deter you from repeating them; let both be, to your mind, the inevitable tribute that even wisdom must pay to human frailty.

III. The habit of doing kind actions prompted by tender affections is the purest, never-failing spring of happiness. It produces a feeling of peace, a sort of gentle pleasure which spreads a charm over all employments, even over mere existence.

In early life make a practice of charity, but charity enlightened by reason, and guided by justice. Do not give for the purpose of relieving yourself from the sight of poverty or suffering, but to console yourself by the pleasure of having relieved them. Do not confine your gifts to money, but learn also to give your care, your time, your knowledge, and that consoling sympathy often more precious than actual help. Then your benevolence will no longer be limited by your fortune; it will become independent of it, and will be for you both an occupation and a pleasure.

Learn, above all, to exercise benevolence with that delicacy and respect for misfortune which doubles a benefit and raises the benefactor in his own eyes. Never forget that he who receives is by nature equal to him who gives, that any aid which entails dependence is no longer a gift but a bargain, and that if it humiliates the receiver it becomes an insult. Take pleasure in the feelings of the people you love, but especially enjoy your own. Study their happiness, and your own will be the reward. This type of self-forgetfulness increases the sweetness of all tender

affections, and lessens the pains of sensitiveness. If we admit self-love, we are too often dissatisfied with others, the soul becomes dried up, withered, even embittered. We lose the pleasure of loving, and that of being loved is tainted by uneasiness, by secret sorrows, which a morbid skill in self-terment ever renews.

Do not confine yourself to those deep feelings which may attach you to a few individuals. Give a place in your heart to affectionate sentiments for the people with whom events, the routine of your life, your tastes and occupations, will bring you into contact. Let those who have pledged you their service or whom you employ, share in that feeling of preference which lies between friendship and the mere goodwill by which Nature has linked us to all beings of our race. This feeling relieves and calms the heart, at times wearied and disturbed by too ardent affection. By prohibiting too exclusive passions, it saves from the faults and miseries to which their excess might expose us. Fate may tear from us our friends, our relations, our dearest: we may be doomed to survive them, to groan under their indifference or injustice, we cannot replace them by others, our very soul refuses to do so; then these (as it were) secondary affections do not actually fill the void, but preserve us from feeling all its horror; they do not compensate, they do not even console, but they blunt the sting of sorrow, they soften regrets, and help time to change them into that usual and peaceful melancholy which becomes almost a pleasure for souls henceforth inaccessible to happier emotions. This gentle sensibility, which may be a source of happiness, has its origin in the natural sympathy that makes us share the pain of every sentient being. Preserve this feeling in all its strength and purity: do not limit it to the sufferings of men, but let your humanity reach even the animals. Do not make your pets miserable, do not disdain to study their welfare, do not be unfeeling to their simple, sincere gratitude; cause no useless torture to any of them; that is a real injustice, an outrage on Nature, which she avenges by the hardness of heart this practice of cruelty cannot fail to produce. The lack of prevision in the lower animals is the only excuse for the barbarous law which dooms them to serve each other for food. As faithful interpreters of Nature, let us not go beyond what this excuse allows.

I will not give you the useless charge to avoid the passions, to distrust too keen a susceptibility; but I bid you be sincere with yourself, and not exaggerate your sensibility, either from vanity, or to flatter your imagination, or to kindle the imagination of others.

Fear the false enthusiasm of the passions; it never compensates for their dangers or miseries. One may not be able to avoid hearing the voice of one's heart, but one is always able to avoid awaking it—and that is the only useful and practical advice that reason can give to sensibility.

IV. My child, one of the surest means of happiness is to have been able to preserve self-respect, to be able to contemplate one's whole life without shame or remorse, without having in it a vile action, an injury or wrong done to others and not repaired.

Remember the painful impressions that slight wrongdoings and little faults made upon you, and judge thereby of the sorrowful feelings which follow graver offences and really shameful faults. Preserve carefully the precious self-respect, without which you cannot hear ill-deeds related without blushing, or virtuous actions without feeling humiliated.

Then a pure and gentle feeling embraces all our life, and sheds a consoling charm on those moments when the mind, filled with no vivid impression, busied with no definite idea, yields to a gentle reverie, and sees the recollections of the past gliding peacefully by. May you then, amid your griefs, feel them sweetened by the memory of a generous action, by the image of the unhappy, whose tears you have dried. But let not this feeling be sullied by pride. Enjoy your life without comparing it with other people's: be conscious of your virtue, without questioning if others are equally good. You would purchase the sad pleasures of vanity too dearly: they would blast the purer delights with which Nature rewards good deeds.

If you have nothing with which to reproach yourself, you may be as sincere to others as to yourself. Having nothing to hide, you will not dread being forced, sometimes, to use the humiliating aid of falsehood, sometimes to affect in hypocritical speech feelings and principles which condemn

your own conduct. You will not know the constant sensation of shameful fear, the torture of corrupt souls: you will enjoy that noble security, that consciousness of one's own dignity, which is the lot of those who can avow all their impulses as well as their actions. But if you cannot avoid the reproaches of your conscience, do not yield to despair: study to find means to repair or expiate your faults; act so that the remembrance of them may never occur to you without that of the deeds which atone for them, and have obtained their pardon from the severe tribunal of your conscience.

Do not accustom yourself to dissimulation: rather have courage to confess your wrong-doing. The consciousness of this courage will sustain you in the midst of your regret or remorse. You will not add to it the painful knowledge of your own weakness, and the humiliation which follows falsehood.

Ill deeds are less fatal to happiness and virtue in themselves than by reason of the vices to which they soon accustom weak and corrupt characters. Remorse in a strong, frank, and sensitive mind inspires good deeds and virtuous habits which should sweeten its bitterness. Then it is only aroused when surrounded by consolations which blunt its edge, and one enjoys one's repentance like one's virtues. Doubtless, the pleasures of a regenerate soul are less pure and sweet than those of innocence; but they give the only bliss we may still find in our conscience, and almost the only one which the weakness of our mortal nature and the vices of our institutions allow us to attain.

Alas, all men need mercy.

V. If you wish social life to afford you more pleasure or consolation than vexation or bitterness, be tolerant, and avoid self-love like a poison, which destroys all the sweetness of social intercourse. True tolerance is not that easy-going disposition which, born of indifference or heedlessness, forgives everything only because it sees and feels nothing. I mean a tolerance founded on justice, reason, a knowledge of one's own weakness, and that happy disposition which leads one to pity men rather than condemn them. By means of this, you will be able to use for your own happiness the

multitude of good but weak people, without repulsive faults but without striking virtues, who can distract the mind if they do not fill it, whom one meets with pleasure and leaves without regret, whom one does not reckon in the sum-total of life, yet who may fill up some gaps and shorten some moments.

By tolerance, too, you will see people superior in talent or intellect draw near you with more confidence. The greater right they have to believe they can do without indulgence, the more they feel their need of it. As they are wont to judge themselves severely, they are attracted by the lenity of others; and they have less forgiveness for intolerance since, indulgent themselves, they are inclined to see in the opposite disposition more pride than delicacy, more pretension than real superiority, more harshness than real virtue.

Your duties, your most important interests, your dearest feelings will not always allow you to associate only with those whom you would have chosen to live with. In these circumstances the daily intercourse will require constant painful sacrifices, which would have cost you nothing, had you shown yourself juster and more reasonable, and cultivated a happy spirit of tolerance: the association which tolerance would have made only a slight constrain, will become without it, real misery.

Finally, tolerance is equally useful when others need us, and when we ourselves need them; it facilitates and sweetens the good we can do them, and makes easier to obtain and less painful to receive the good we may expect from them.

But would you cultivate the habit of tolerance? Before judging another severely, before showing indignation with his faults, and disgust at what he has just said or done, consult justice; do not fear to review your own faults, question your reason; above all, listen to the natural goodness which you will doubtless find at the bottom of your heart; for if you find it not, all advice would be useless; my experience and my love would be powerless for your happiness.

The self-love from which I wish to save you is not that constant tendency to be unremittingly, unceasingly busied with our own personal interests and to sacrifice to them the interests, rights, and happiness of others; this selfishness is incompatible with any kind of virtue and even of good feel-

ing; I should indeed be miserable if I could believe that I needed to save you from that.

I speak of the self-love which in all the details of life, makes us refer everything to the point of view of *our* health, *our* convenience, *our* tastes, *our* comfort; which in some sort keeps us ever before our own eyes; which lives on the little sacrifices it imposes on others, without feeling and almost without knowing their injustice; which considers everything conducive to its own comfort natural and right, everything that injures it unnatural and unjust; which exclaims on caprice and tyranny if anyone, even while sparing our feelings, pays some little attention to his own affairs. This fault alienates goodwill, grieves and chills friendship; we become dissatisfied with others, whose self-sacrifice can never be absolute enough, and we are dissatisfied with ourselves, because an unsettled and aimless temper becomes a settled and painful conviction from which we have no longer the strength to free ourselves.

If you wish to avoid this misfortune, take care that the feeling of equality and justice becomes your permanent mental attitude. Always expect or require from others a little less than you would do for them. If you make sacrifices for others, estimate these only according to what they really cost you, not according to the notion that they are sacrifices; seek compensation for them in your reason, which assures you that sacrifices are mutual, and in your heart, which will tell you that you yourself will not need them. You will then find that in these details of social life, it is sweeter and more comfortable, if I dare say so, *to live for others*, and that then only do we *really* live for ourselves.

NATURE NOTES.

SCALE HOW.

Saturday, May 2nd.—Windermere looked lovely this afternoon as we walked along the shore. There was a brisk breeze blowing, which just ruffled the surface of the water, and puffed out the white sails of a small yacht which sped swiftly down towards Lakeside.

Tuberous Bitter Vetch, Lousewort, Bugle Shining-leaved Cranesbill were found out for the first time to-day.

Tuesday, May 5th.—The early part of this afternoon was typical of the month, but later on it clouded over, and we had a thunderstorm. We went up towards Jenkin's Crag for a nature walk. The sun was "shining with all his might," and yet the mountains in the distance were obscured by a dull heat mist. All the flowers were wide open, as if to catch every possible ray of sunshine after the downpour of the last few days. The celandines and anemones were especially noticable. Their petals seemed to stand out quite rigidly as the plants raised their little star-like faces heavenwards. The trees are becoming beautifully green and fresh. The hazels are beginning to unfold their rather stiff, furrowed leaves, like the unfurling of a fan. We noticed that the scales of the leaf buds seem to persist for some time after the leaves are out, and they remain on the elongated shoot.

The wall all along the path was gay with flowers: here a cluster of violets half hidden beneath their sheltering leaves, there the stitchwort shone out like pure white stars, and the celandines spread out their shining, yellow petals to the sun, and every nook and crack between the stones was filled with lovely green mosses or lichens. The silver birches are very beautiful just now, as one sees their dainty leaves, and catkins swinging on their slender, supple twigs, the bark on the trunks shining silvery-white amongst the brownish-green of the neighbouring trees. The lake was very still indeed, the rushes at the edge scarcely moved,